TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STUDIO CLUB

Action

THESE ARE OUR OWN

OCTOBER 1941
FIFTEEN CENTS

CONTRIBUTE TO THE COMMUNITY CHEST

20th Century-Fox Studio Club

Action

Volume Two Number Nine

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If more organizations were like the 20th Century-Fox American Legion Post, there would be more happier faces among underprivileged children.

A month ago when the Studio Post outlined plans for the 4th Annual 20th Century-Fox and Bank of America baseball game, they expected to play host to a thousand orphans. Their expectations were incorrect. There were many more than a thousand, nearly fifteen hundred who had come from Los Angeles County. And what a rollicking time they had for even a drizzling rain failed to dampen their enthusiasm as the Bank team toppled the studio nine—16 to 5.

Just as on three previous occasions nothing was overlooked by the Studio Legionnaires. Once a year they make it a point to entertain the underprivileged kids. This month the youngsters not only witnessed a ball game, but were furnished with free soft drinks, hot dogs, and candy which are just as much a part of the great American game as a curve over home-plate.

The Hollywood Legion Band contributed additional color in the Gilmore Stadium, and participated in the flag raising ceremonies.

To many of the film players, producers, and directors go a vote of tribute. Many turned over their tickets to the orphans so that they might have a chance on the gate prize. There were transportation drivers, not connected with the American Legion Studio Post, who volunteered to chauffeur the sport-minded kids to and from the game. And as the caravan of buses carried them homeward, there was happiness drawn on their faces.

Every Worker a Giver

IN THESE days of screaming headlines and portentous events over the world, there is an inclination to forget the great and human need that exists here at home.

That need is the Community Chest.

It is not idle talk or a catch phrase to say that now, more than ever before, your contribution is necessary.

And now, more than ever before, the pledge you make to help others is a re-affirmation of your belief in the ideals of democracy; for the annual Peace Mobilization for Human Needs is a glorious message to a troubled world that democracy is a living, breathing thing with dignity and respect for the individual.

The efforts of the motion picture industry last year brought high praise from all over the nation, focused the eyes of America on the great-heartedness of those who are a part of the industry.

Again this year we can set the pace for the nation. Contribute generously, for you know that your money is for the finest cause possible.

We CAN set the pace if we make EVERY WORKER A GIVER.

Let's not forget our own.

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The Voice of the Lot

CAMERA DEPARTMENT

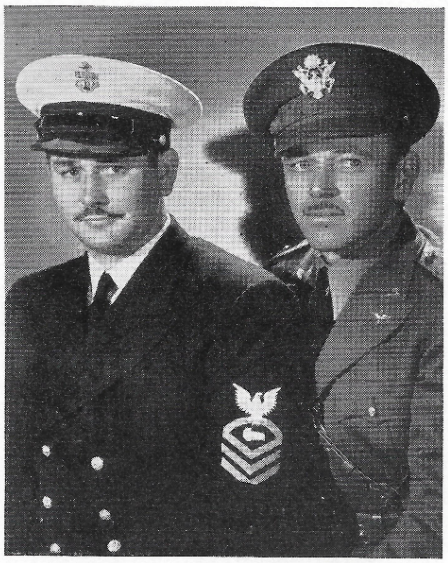
By Virgil E. Miller

ON Saturday evening, October 4th, the golfers of the Camera and Sound Departments "teed off" for their annual Golf Tournament Dinner at the RHUM BOOGIE, accompanied by their "Golf-Widows" who had so "suffered for golf's sake" during the three Sundays of the tournament. After a "scrumptuous" dinner and an evening filled with fun and frivolity, the boys are already planning a bigger and better tournament next year . . . but that's another story. "Till" Gabbani won the cup with the marvelous score of — but why shouldn't he, with that kind of a handicap! Virgil Miller presented him with a beautiful cup donated by Bud Courcier of Brulator's . . . and Bud didn't do so badly at the party either, judging from the picture taken by the feminine "curb service" photographer on the job. Dan Clark's diplomacy was evident at every table and at the . . . gosh I almost said "bar" . . . he proved to be the perfect host. Pev Marley looked cute . . . Charles Clarke sedate as usual . . . Joe McDonald still "attentive" . . . Glen MacWilliams a "wee bit cockney" . . . Bob "Mike Shadow" Bertrand "in the rough" . . . lovely women getting acquainted all over again . . . fifty-three happy people dining and dancing until the wee small hours, and all looking forward to an even better time next year . . . proving again that such departmental "get-togethers" are reflected in a closer co-operation in the more serious work of the studio.

As suggested in the above paragraph, the Camera Department's Annual Golf Tournament was augmented by the Sound Department's "mike-shadowing" devotees of divot-diggers. The resulting scores should have convinced them that amateurs and professionals just don't mix, but NO! . . . their P. Schiffer, Bob Bertrand, Don Flick, C. Faulkner, J. Trucano and H. Freedman challenged

the Camera Department's Bill Abbott, Al Lebovitz, Eddie Collins, Hugh Crawford, Kenny Green and Maynard Rugg to a playoff . . . the resulting score in favor of the camera professionals proving that "mike - shadow" technique is quite different from real golf. But we all had a good time . . . lovely prizes for which we thank the many studio donors—exciting nineteenth holes, and argument material to last until next year's contest.

Paul Mohn, our Chief Petty Officer, is now on duty in Washington, D. C. (Funny, but when Paul signed up he didn't have his glasses and thought he was signing up for a "petting" officer) . . . lots of luck, Paul!



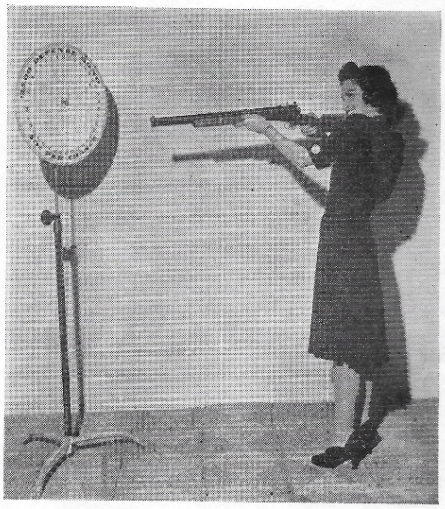
Wm. F. Whitley (Bill to you), now a captain in the Material Division of the Air Corps, leaves Friday, October 17th, for March Field; later he will be stationed at Dayton, Ohio. Bill looks every "whit" the part of a captain, and the good wishes of the department go with him into his new "job."

Dan Clark, our efficient Department Head, big game hunter, golfer, and prominent member of the BBB Club (Bigger and Better Buck Club — their motto should be "Lotsa bucks for a buck") leaves Thursday for his vacation, part of which will be spent in Utah's deer country in pursuit of the elusive "bucks." When last seen he was shining up his faithful Crosley (air) rifle. Dan's technique is unusual—he stings 'em with Crosley pellets and while the deer is busy warding off these pesky "fly-bites" Dan sneaks up and knocks 'em in the head . . . so I'm told! Anyway, lots of luck, as our mouths are watering for some good venison!

Our "Defense Bond" Roulette Board is still working overtime, with Archie Mayo, "Lucky" Humberstone, Harry Jackson, Gus Jonson, Hank Cronjager being some of the winners. Bobbie Mack has won three of the bonds . . . so come on over and see Bess Lasky some time in a good cause.

Kenny Green and Maynard Rugg are off to the northern part of the country . . . they say they're deer hunting and we'll have to take their word for it . . . but they'd better bring back proof (and no Swift and Company stamp on their proof, either).

A sight for sore eyes is the Trophy Table in Dan Clark's office . . . the many cups won in fast competition simply prove that the same concentration that makes the department outstanding in its work is vested in its play . . . you just can't keep good men down . . . and that's a challenge!



The Camera Department Defense Bond Raffle is going over so big, we can't get enough pellets to keep up with it. You take a number from 1 to 38 at 50c a chance—when the board is filled we put it on a motor driven disk, spinning at a rate of 800 R. P. M., then Bess Lasky shoots at it with an air rifle to determine the winner!

"MAINTENANTICS"

By A. O. Williams

I HAVE no doubt that you have all noticed the new signs placed around the lot urging you to help conserve our assets. These signs must be followed, because they are the signs of the times, and the times to follow.

In this day, when the Four Horsemen are riding over most of the world, we, who now have plenty, are sure to feel the necessity of some of those things we so flagrantly waste today. To save on our raw materials is not only a duty we owe to our employer, but a duty to our country. This war promises to be a long and bitterly fought affair, and if the tide of war should turn against England and Russia, we probably would feel the economic pressure immediately. This would change our mode of living drastically.

If the fortunes of war should place us in the position of guardians of the Western Hemisphere, we should then really feel the lack of materials available for our industry.

We must not overlook the fact that Japan has been groomed to take the same role against us that Italy played against England, so we therefore might be compelled to support an A. E. F. without desiring to do so.

You might say that is something for the future, but in my opinion we should profit by the lessons so bitterly learned by other nations. Each and everyone of us should enter into a loyal resolve to help conserve and further every effort made by our government for our national welfare.

We can start here and now. If every business and every individual helps to eliminate waste, we will find that we can carry on without cutting down on our regular enterprises. But to waste can mean but one thing, and that will be to cut to the bare essentials. This would affect you!

We are looking for some good slogans to aid us in the effort we are making. The slogans are interchangeable on the boards, so if you can assist us, please make some up, and send to Mr. Charles Rabold, head of our department. I know that he will be grateful.

The many friends of Davy Paul will be glad to learn that he has at last been able to make a dream come true. Davy has worked and planned and saved to enable him to some day go back to his old home town a success. This, I am glad to say, he has accomplished, and as his intention is to stay three months with his folks, he will be enabled to visit many places that have been dear to his memory. We all hope this big little man has all the enjoyment such a trip should bring; then his pleasure will be ours.

Mr. Orville Capps has taken Mr. Paul's place in our office until his return, so we hereby introduce him. I am sure that he will be glad to assist you in anything under his jurisdiction.

"Red" Davies has returned from Detroit. He was a delegate from Local No. 724 to the convention held there by the Union, and I am sure that he was a very able one, because he has the self-assurance so necessary to anyone engaged in any form of leadership. Keep your eye on this boy.

Don't forget that the rains will be with us soon, so if you have any broken windows, leaks or miscellaneous troubles likely to trouble you more, call us so that you can save your stock and our dispositions. Be sure to call 508.

"SOUNDINGS OFF"

By Mary Dougherty

JOE KEENAN returned from his vacation wearing a, well, you name it the next time you see him. Anyway, it's a combination mustache-goatee (meaning a very wee goat) and he could double for Charlie Chan any minute. His excuse for the hirsute decorations was that he was supposed to have his picture in Life magazine. However, he looks very extinguished—and lends dignity, no less, to the Department.

Orville McCann, our genial shop foreman, is about to take off on a belated vacation. His motor court near Palm Springs is nearing completion, and he will probably be found digging around under his own vines and fig trees these next few weeks.

Three more men from this Department have gone to the defense of our country: Ken Pier, Bob Braggins, and Harold Freedman is about to take to the airways for New York before Uncle Sam claims him for his very own. Wimpy (Winnie Leverett to you all) has taken over Ken's sound sensitometry duties, and now, Wimpy, my boy, you ought to be able to turn a lot of light on the subject of sound recording.

Harry and I took a little jaunt down to the Jungle Set (much to our sorrow) to watch the "Son of Fury" people emote. We couldn't stay very long, so we were mostly entertained by Eugene Francis Grossman's fascinating (?) stories.

Robert Leland Gunn will probably be right up in the professional golfers' class before very long. Almost any noon you can find him down at Sidney Toler's driving range socking those little pellets two or three hundred yards—occasionally.

Here's to the men in the shop—the men behind the guns. You never see nor hear of them, but without them you'd have a tough time recording even the rustle of a dollar bill.

Hal Freedman has a mighty swell putter that he won't be able to use after Uncle Sam takes him over. What are you going to do with it, Hal? I know a couple gents around here who would be only too glad to keep it in good condition for you while you're gone.

ACCOUNTING BRIEFS

DUE to the exceeding modesty of the Accounting personnel, this column has not appeared in "Action" these past few months. It seems that some people enjoy seeing their names in print and others do not, and the writer never seemed to hit upon a happy medium—so here goes, with all due apologies to Harrison Carroll.

Have you noticed the fenders on the 1937 Buick Coupe parked in stall number 40? The owner alibis that his driveway is too narrow!

The insurance department can reduce the rates on this office now that two of the girls are Red Cross workers, rapidly learning a good sure cure for snakebite. We'd lay odds that at least one of them would faint at the sight of blood.

If the Deerslayer (the lad with the windblown lips) can get out of bed very early some morning and journey out to Paramount Field at Pico and Overland, he may be able to get a rabbit or two, thus saving himself those long, fruitless treks to the desert.

That young couple so very "that way" (she is in the Script Dept.) can be found almost any lunch hour at Charlie Chan's new drive-in.

One of our boys with hope in his heart for a little gratuity from the Publicity Dept. for a nationwide publicity tieup finally threw in the towel this week. He vows never to read any more of their guff, because he believes it's full of the same patter he received.

A couple of the boys don't believe in the slogan, "Motorists Wise Simonize," when after five hours and several cans of beer later, they found it wasn't worth the effort.

The lot is very colorful with the Tahitian boys and girls from the "Son of Fury" company; even the junior cashier is wearing his imported Hawaiian shirt to be in the running.

The head of our department has his 16 mm. cameras all set to go on a wonderful vacation—and, as space is limited, we'll be back next month with more news on the overhead of the lot.

Continued on Page 10

Cage Champs Prepare For Eastern Invasion

Left to Right, Back Row—Lester O'Gara, Ed McGrath, Frank Lubin, Dale Sears. Middle Row—Carl Knowles, Fon Johnson, Art Mollner, Lee Woodward. Front Row—Manager Bud Fischer, Prexy Vic Christensen.

WITHIN a few short weeks, Twentieth Century-Fox' basketball team, defending national A. A. U. champions, will be heading for New York and Madison Square Garden.

The cage champs have been invited by Ned Irish, basketball maestro at the Garden, to participate in an A. A. U. tourney with Phillips 66 Oilers, Roanoke, Va., Legionnaires and the New York Ohrbachs.

On November 19, 20th Century-Fox meets the Legionnaires. If victorious, they will meet the winner of the Phillips-Ohrbachs contest on November 25.

In addition, the national champs will play exhibition games in Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Buffalo and St. Joseph's, Missouri. Two other contests against Phillips, the team they defeated in the semi-finals of the national A. A. U. tourney at Denver last year, will be played on December 5 and 6 at Bartlesville, Okla., and Tulsa, it was announced by G. J. "Bud" Fisher, who controls the team's destinies.

Back from last year's championship squad are Frank Lubin, center; Les O'Gara and Ed McGrath, forwards; and Art Mollner and Carl Knowles, guards. Last year's reserve strength returns in the persons of Fon Johnson, Ray Weldie and Lee Woodward. An important addition to the 20th Century-Fox squad this year is Dale Sears, former U. S. C. center.

Tentative plans also call for an exhibition tour of the 20th Century-Fox basketballers through South America.

Good luck, fellows—and for gosh sakes, bring that bacon back again!

WINTER ICE SKATING!

The Wednesday Evening Ice Skating Club meets every Wed. evening from 6:00 to 7:15 P. M. Admission before 7:15 is 45c. Skate rental 25c. Get your identification card from Lillian Ginsberg, Credit Union, or the Studio Club Office. Intermission 7:15 to 8:00 P. M. You may remain over for the evening session from 8:00 to 11:00 P. M. without extra charge. Complete fountain service—free checking—free parking.

PAN-PACIFIC ICE ARENA

7600 Bev. Blvd. YO-1123

ANNUAL SPORTS DINNER PROVES BIG SUCCESS

STUDIO employees rallied around a cup of good cheer and a dagnabbed fine dinner in 20th Century-Fox' Cafe de Paris to celebrate the Annual Studio Club Sports Banquet.

George Murphy, graciously making a last-minute substitution as master of ceremonies for flu-stricken Milton Berle, did a masterful job at the mike, upsetting the whole assemblage with side-splitting stories and introducing dignitares from the studio and the sporting world.

Darryl F. Zanuck commended studio employees on their fine interest in athletics, stating that "no man can do justice to his job unless he evinces an interest in sports—either as a participant or an enthusiast."

Southern California coaches spoke briefly. Marty Brill of Loyola told a few Knute Rockne stories. Babe Horrell of U. C. L. A. stuck by his Bruins in spite of their crushing defeat by Stanford. Al Wesson, head of the Trojan praise staff, stood in for the absent Coach Sam Barry and gave a ludicrous—but hilarious—explanation of U. S. C.'s grid plans for the current season.

Honored guests, besides 20th Century-Fox' own sports heroes, included Bank of America baseballers, wso accepted our food, then knocked the socks off our baseball team the following Sunday.

Highlighting the entertainment program were Vince Barnett, with a barrel of funny stories; Pietro Gentilli, whose fine baritone voice brought encores until he ran out of numbers; Danny Beck, a master of pantomime; and the Rhythm Rascals from the Zebra Room. Also Don Barclay and John Sheehan in a talking act.

Dawn was breaking over 20th Century-Fox' Tombstone Street as the last of the celebrants headed for home.

20TH WON?

Twentieth Century-Fox' American Legion baseball nine met the Bank of America horsehiders in their annual grudge battle at Gilmore Field on Sunday, October 12.

Fred Mangus of the studio's wardrobe department won the automobile which was given away as a door prize.

That's all 20th Century-Fox won. 'Nuff said.

Bowlers Set Fast Pace
Four Teams in Lead Tie

TWENTIETH Century-Fox' 23-team inter-studio bowling league, which rolls at La Cienega Lanes every Thursday evening, finds four teams currently tied for first place with 14 wins. However, Fox Hill's Savages, having lost only two games heads the percentage column. Studio Club, Tyrone Power's Sparks and the Staff quintet have not yet received their bye and are currently credited with six defeats.

For the first five weeks of play, Henry King's Giants are credited with high team game, a splendid 1082. High series was hung up by Fox Hill's Savages with a mark of 2923.

Individual efforts find R. Ferrell of Ralph Dietrich's Cubs leading with a fine game of 269. Johnny McCafferty's 644 series is another league leader. Ed DeCuir, bowling for the Savages, heads the average sheet with 191 for 12 games.

THURSDAY
20TH CENTURY-FOX STUDIO'S BOWLING LEAGUE
LaCIENEGA LANES

TEAM NAME	WON	LOST	T. P.	H. G.	H. S.
Studio Club	14	6	13366	991	2827
Tyrone Powers Sparks	14	6	13313	1004	2818
Fox Hills Savages	14	2	10869	1081	2923
Staff	14	6	13090	944	2671
Termites	11	9	13316	1006	2909
Henry King's Giants	11	9	13235	7082	2814
Laboratory Owls	11	9	12892	921	2640
Ernie Tate's Pointers	11	9	12761	958	2755
Fox Cubs	11	9	12765	916	2606
Transportation Cubs	11	9	11905	969	2705
Screwball's	11	5	10357	982	2737
Lynn Bari's Editors	10	10	13304	1005	2812
Publicity Bullshooters	10	10	13023	950	2639
Maintenance and Facilities	10	6	10401	969	2705
Jane Wither's Pals	8	12	13264	961	2733
Mark's Marvels	8	12	13080	973	2811
Ralph Dietrich's Cubs	7	13	12827	999	2801
Henry Fonda's Quints	7	13	12644	937	2655
Anne Baxter's Bombers	6	14	12817	965	2718
Humberstone's Tigers	6	14	12692	916	2660
Vic Christensen's Bowlerettes	6	14	12540	901	2589
Mechanics	5	11	10121	986	2604
Woodpeckers	4	12	10387	948	2640

HONOR ROLL

Weekly High Team Series including Handicap—Lynn Bari's Editors	2765
Weekly High Team Game including Handicap—Lynn Bari's Editors	985
Second Weekly High Team Game including Handicap—Fox Hill's Savages	970
Weekly High Individual Series including Handicap—Ed DeCuir (635+12)	647
Weekly High Individual Game including Handicap—Gil Gilbert (246+12)	258

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS

	GA	T.P.	H.G.	H.S.	Ave.
DeCuir, Ed	12	2294	245	635	191
Rickards, J.	6	1131	207	571	188
McCafferty	15	2793	233	644	186
Webb, L.	12	2171	207	614	180
Rugg, M.	6	1080	200	573	180
Wolf, Jess	15	2684	208	570	178
Fuelligrabe	15	2643	235	610	176
Palmer, C.	12	2123	242	579	176
Mills, G.	15	2636	246	580	175
Gilbert, G.	9	1588	201	547	176
Danning, I.	15	2627	252	585	175

Recreation . . .

Youngsters think of play as the really important part of life. Most of us, when we were kids, played some game for all it was worth. We spent all the time we could find in outdoor sports, or we had an absorbing hobby of some kind. But as we grew up, most of our interest in play seemed to disappear, due chiefly to the pressure of day-to-day living. Nowadays when we find time to play we also find that we have forgotten how. But play is important for grown-ups, too. It's time to learn again how to play.

So find the kind of recreation from which you get the most fun and see that you get plenty of chances to enjoy it. Your fun may be in fishing or sunting, or just plain hiking. It may be that you get the greatest kick from gardening or photograph. It may be collecting stamps, or minerals, or curio,s or antiques. It may be making things like furniture or pottery.

Whatever the sport or hobby may be that gives you the most pleasure and satisfaction, that is the recreation that is surely best for you. However, it's wise to be your age in all things, so be sensible in your choice of a suitable recreation. Take time to plan and play hard when you play, but don't overdo.

Picnic Picture Winners!

The $25.00 Prize Money for the Ninth Annual Outing Picture Contest was awarded as follows:

First: Best All-Around Photograph —Alice Goodwin, Script Dept.

Second: Most Humorous Shot— Danny Wurtzel, Grip Dept.

Third: Most Picturesque Shot— Alice Goodwin, Script Dept.

Fourth: Best Human Interest Shot —Bob Freeman, Landscape Dept.

American Legion Postscripts!

IN spite of the inclement weather, more than five thousand people attended the game at Hollywood Ball Park. Our team lost due to superior stickwork on the part of the Bank of America nine. However, we'll have another chance next year.

More than one thousand orphans enjoyed the entire proceedings and we can thank Comrade Tom Young in lining up the youngsters from more than fifteen Homes. Joe Hirigoyen and his boys and the Tanner Motor Livery took care of the transportation problem in perfect fashion. Members of Post No. 563 escorted their young guests into the grandstand and to the seats reserved for them.

Milton Berle was on hand with his charming mother and acted as master of ceremonies in his inimical manner. "Bozo," the Clown, put the children in a joyous mood and we suspect there were oldsters too who chuckled at his act. Vic Christensen's cheery presence lent encouragement to the workers who perspired in doing their bit for the orphans.

Kathleen Ridgeway's Emergency Corp girls did valiant work in distributing the enormous quantities of candy, chewing gum, peanuts, ce cream and pop. In watching, one couldn't help but imagine the complaints of "tummy" ache that many a matron heard from her charges later.

Earl Mischaud, a visiting Legionnaire from Washington State, worked as hard as any of us and exemplifies Legion cooperation the country over. Orchids are due Fred Metzler, Doc Bishop, Pat Matthews and many others who helped to make our annual orphans' outing a real success. Space precludes the naming of everyone, but thanks anyway.

Special mention should be made of Comrade Max Larey, champion ticket seller and chairman of the Legion entertainment committee. When you want things done, he's TOPS!!!

I left the mention of the car winner until last because it seemed almost incidental to me. Fred Magnus in the men's wardrobe was the lucky winner and we're glad for him, even though an orphan didn't win it as we had hoped. Darn it, we had almost set up that educational fund.

Charlie Palmer and George Callahan are ill in Sawtelle Veterans' Hospital. We wish them a speedy recovery and know that when released from the Facility they will be in good shape.

LESLIE F. DRESSLER,
Chairman, Publicity Committee.

INSTALLATION OF 20th CENTURY-FOX AMERICAN LEGION POST OFFICERS

THE 20th Century-Fox American Legion Post No. 563 held its installation of officers for the 1941-1942 Legion year at the Cafe de Paris in the studio grounds in Westwood on Tuesday, October 21.

Guests of honor were Comrade Darryl F. Zanuck and Clarence Kincaid, Judge of the Superior Court and Past Department Commander of the State of California.

Comrade Zanuck delivered an inspiring speech to the members of the legion, relating his experiences at the national American Legion Convention in Milwaukee and stressing the part the American Legion is playing and can still further play in bringing about unity in American life, and in its attitude toward the international situation.

A permanent charter was presented to the post by Judge Kincaid who made an interesting talk on the legion and the problems facing its membership as a result of the European war.

The new officers who were installed at the meeting are Commander Lou Witte, head of the Studio Effects Department; Fred Kelly, first vice commander; Joe Keenan, past commander; George Hellgren, second vice commander; Al Maynard, adjutant; Bob Fleming, post chaplain; Tom Lounsberry, finance officer; Leslie Dressler, judge advocate; Carl Holzman, sergeant-at-arms; John Breth, service officer; Ed Cruger, historian; and the following executive committeemen: Jack Percy, Hugh Conlon and Dan Clark.

Past Commander Keenan was presented with a desk pen set in appreciation of his services to the Legion during the 1940-1941 year.

Also present at the meeting were Commander Alfred J. Bolton, and Past District Commander Willard Stewart of the 24th district.

Four past district commanders of the legion were present including Clarence Petter, Fred Hill, the present 24th district commander, Norman Dunbar, and past district commander Willard Stewart.

Colonel Jason Joy, public relations counsel of the studio who is an American Legion member; Fred L. Metzler, studio treasurer and manager; Jack Codd, studio controller, and Edmund H. Hansen, head of the sound department also were present.

Special honors were paid to Joe Hirigoyen, head of the transportation department, who both this year and last year furnished transportation for 1100 orphans gathered from all parts of Los

Angeles to and from the annual 20th Century-Fox baseball games. Joe was made honorary colonel of the studio legion post in recognition of his unusual services.

1. Ike Danning presents lucky Fred Magnus with the door prize. 2. Bozo, the clown, at field day. 3. Tanner Motor Tours Company was generous in the use of their busses to bring the twenty different orphan groups to the game. 4. Lou Witte and some of his henchmen stuffing the drawing box full of tickets for the orphans who had the other end of the stub, with the hope that one of these less-fortunate kids would win the car. 5. The smart group of orphans had a great time filling themselves with peanuts, candy, pop and everything else, will eventually wind up with a stomach ache. 6. George Hellgren and Sammy Benson check the stubs as they go into the drawing box. 7. The teams are lined up for official photographs just before the start of the game. 8. Bozo had a problem with this little fellow who said he didn't like clowns. 9 Lou Tate said he couldn't believe his eyes when the score wound up sixteen to five. 10. 20th Century-Fox should well be proud of the smartly uniformed, well-organized American Legion Post, who acted as host to the orphans and sponsored the game. 11. Everything was well-organized to properly protect and entertain the guests of honor, fifteen hundred orphans from the various Los Angeles agencies. 12. The drum majorette, from the Hollywood Legion Post, won another medal at the game. 13. Ike Danning's 20th Century-Fox Nine just had an off day. A great bunch of fellows and they played smart ball, but nothing seemed to work for them Sunday. 14. Many of the kids were so anxious to see the game that they arrived long before the gates opened. 15. The sale of tickets on the automobile made it possible for the Studio Post to acquire a sizable sum for welfare work this winter. 16. The Hollywood Legion Post complimented the Studio Post with the band which played for the kids during the game. 17. Ike Danning reached for the pitch but it wound up against the ceter field wall for the first double of the game.

1. Coach Babe Horrell, U. C. L. A.; Coach Marty Brill, Loyola; George Murphy, M. C. 2. Two bald heads are better than one. 3. Dick Bonelly, Bank of America, Joe Hirigoyen, Ike Danning, Bud Fischer. 4. Tom Lounsbery, Dr. Green, Cy Tanner, Walter McCarthy, George Patterson. 5. Cafe waitresses. 6. C. E. Griffith, Wayne Hopkins, Paul Gilday, Chester Garis.... 7. Bud Fischer laying the groundwork for a successful basketball season with John B. Olds and other basketball officials. 8. Charlie Hall, Allan Dwan, Dan Clark. 9. Vance Thrasher, Phil Adams, John Lavin, Ben Wurtzel. 10. Ray Farrell, Wayne Neeld, Walter Starkey. 11. Marty Brill, George Murphy, Vic Christensen, Doc Bishop, Joe Hirigoyen, Ike Danning, Bud Fischer. 12. Lou Creber, Jack Bolton. 13. Matt Rogers, Ed Weyl, Lloyd Nobles, Sam Wittenberg, Orville Stewart. 14. Walter Strohm, Ralph O. Chick, Gen. Mgr.; L. A. Memorial Coliseum. 15. Entertainers: Pietro Gentilli, Barclay and Sheehan, Danny Beck, Charlie Roddick, pianist, and Jimmy Carson, arranger. 16. Basketball team: Frank Lubin, Dale Sears, Art Mollner, Fon Jonson, Ray Weldie, Lee Woodward. 17. Geo. T. Davis, Sports Editor L. A. Evening Herald-Express. 18. Dave Alleman, George Hellgren, Jack Brand, Bob Martien. 19. Harold Gordon, Jerry Webb, John Bodnar, Johnny Ehrin. 20. Phil Adams and Johnny Lavin trying to get into the picture. 21. Dr. C. A. Seyfarth, Harold Bow, Bill McCord.

The Voice of the Lot . . . (Continued from Page 4)

WARDROBE DEPT.

By Lee Roth

REEDER Boss left for the East to handle wardrobe for Sonja Henie's tour. Our last word from him came from Indianapolis. What we want to know is, what is he doing there when we know they plan to make costumes in New York and fit in Chicago? Of course Reeder's training on this lot should make distance a secondary item.

Looks like things will be clearing up for Bob Martien, what with new glasses.

Eddie Scheffer and Joe Dimmitt are gradually getting back to normal after wrapping Eddie's car around a tree.

Fred Mangus, the lucky guy who won the car, is back from his vacation and his cat is again taking up abode in his chair. Joe wouldn't stand up to do Fred's work, so the cat was forced to vacate for a week. Get Fred's story on his new haircut.

Alice Laffargue has had a nice promotion in the Ladies' Department with Virginia Paschall as her assistant.

The girls in the workroom gave Verna Roberts, who is altar bound, a kitchen shower.

Grace Hall reports a fine vacation in spite of her bad cold.

All the new recruits in the Men's Department are studying up on Sandy's rules for the small bungalow.

The workroom is completely swamped in sarongs, pareus, mother hubbards, leis, ti leaf skirts, and tropical flowers—all this in preparation for the island sequence in "Son of Fury" and the new production, "Song of the Islands."

To date the lucky winners on our football pools are Harold Clendenning, Tommy Gibson, Harriett Camin, Margaret Vann, and Ruth Smith. Clinton Sandeen won a nice pool too, but had to go to another department for his luck to change.

"PLASTER CRACKS"

By Al Nesbitt

CONGRATULATIONS to the Marvin Jacobsens — we finally got that baby boy.

Nick Bonome is also without **teeth**; no connection with the above.

We are glad to hear that Larry Durrell's ten-year-old boy is getting along better and will be home soon, after six months in St. Vincent's Hospital with severe burns.

Alex McCartney found out that you can't walk into the Wagon Wheel without getting hit with one of the spokes, or was the wagon covered?

Ed Davis finally got his wish for rain, although he has no crops. He said what he really wanted was a long drizzle.

"Doc Pinkie" Cookie may be contacted at La Cienega Bowling Center. He is one of the best practice bowlers in these here parts.

That about completes this month's news, but—that **deer** was more than 30 feet away.

GRIP DEPT.

By Walter E. Fitchman

BY the way, it sure was grand to get that "Key Grip" feeling last month; an unexpected rush compelled the bosses to hold their morning crews for the balance of the day. Can't say that any of us disliked it a wee bit. Charles Hall has moved into his new home. I wish someone would corral the critter—he has my ears raw from his lariat throwing and, boy, is he good.

Thoughts while strolling . . . Certainly is a pleasure to work under George Barnes, cameraman on "Remember the Day." A soft word here and there and difficulties are hurdled with such ease.

Incidentally, one of the briefest but most hilarious scenes took place one day on the set. In the midst of a tense rehearsal a lanky youth wandered through the scene asking for George Barnes. The crew held its breath, waiting for Mr. King to blow up. You can imagine the combined sigh of relief and howl that went up when the kid went into a song and dance for Barnes' benefit. The gag was framed by George's daughter, Barbara Anne. It was her daddy's birthday. The gag was topped by champagne for all.

See where Earl Mussey has gone "nuts," meaning, of course, that he has two acres of walnuts for sale. Margie Cass, the pretty in the Coffee Shop, is sooo efficient, and Tessie Brachetto, script girl, is really swellegant.

Bushels of orchids for the Studio Legion boys who did such a splendid job for the orphans at the annual ball game at Hollywood Ball Park.

Tell "Dollyshot" Robinson that I have his shoes. They might need new heels, Joe, but the shine is still good. Have you fellers bought a share of your country yet? You know you can start at twenty-five bucks, and it's worthwhile. BUY BONDS TODAY.

Understand that Fred Simpson, props, had difficulty in dressing the 8th Grade Room set. Does this mean anything? Calling Research!—"Denver" Brandon and brother Clyde, with families, are trekking back to Utah for their annual jaunt. Private Hank Gerzen is rumored to be on his way back to Hollywood.

Wish Bobby Mack's camera, sigh, wasn't spoken for. But in any event, I can't afford it. Someone had better follow our mechanical sweeper around with a magnet; the manner in which it's losing its tin hairs is scandalous.

Say, you know Wednesday night has been Screen Night for Production and many others for years. Now, wouldn't it be real chummy to have an Employees' Night maybe once a month, wherein us boys could invite our wives or sweethearts to our place of toil, and let them see the fruits of our labors at first hand. It's a great feeling these troubled times to get a little friendlier with one another.

Another gesture in the right direction—permission to have our java right on the set. Now if that ain't something. No more sneaking around corners with a leaking bag.

The majority of the boys on the Grip gang sure do lead model lives. Am busting to break out with something sensational, but guess I'll have to hold my bust for a future date.

PROP & MINIATURE

By C. M. McCormick

OUR football genius, Paul Pollock (Junior) picked 13 out of 16 games correctly last Saturday. As soon as he hits 16 out of 16, he is going to retire from the movie industry.

If you like "Hamburgers" cooked with grapefruit, contact Al Johnson. He will give you all the details.

It must have been some poker game (I don't know what else it could have been) on Paul Widlicska's desert "Rancho" last Sunday. Monday morning he admitted not only losing his shirt, but his pants also.

Ross Jackman says it's safer to drive a car than to park it. The other evening he put his car on a parking lot and when he returned it looked like an accordion with the air out of it.

Ask Walter Stones how long it takes to get water out of a 300-ft. well with an old oaken bucket. (Then run).

Lew Wurtzel, who with Joe Billingsley, sees that the right signs go in the right places (not vice versa), is now a proud papa. We were afraid for several days that Lew wouldn't pull through, but with our valuable advice (?) he managed to survive.

Earl Rugg has returned from a vacation trip to the Black Hills where he and his wife visited the old home town. etc.

The phrase Walter Pallman likes to hear best after figuring out the material needed for a "gag" is, "That is now on Priority."

"Kozy" Kozel bought the side of a

mountain for a homesite; now he is trying to design a house that will stick to the side of it, and at the same time not be necessary to use an elevator to go from one room to another.

TABULATING TABS
By Luther Holtzclaw

TAB Department's vacation schedule winds up shortly. Tom and Carol Glass are hieing away to the deep wilds of Montana. As their diversion along the way, word gets around that they've been commissioned to take a census of all the little sheeps up there.

Wilma Tarcy will try to wear off those few extra avoirdupounds hiking up and down the hills of old San Francisco.

And Eddie Arnold vows to spend a week on the golf course to making a scientific study of what causes the "hook," for the benefit of golfing posterity and Eddie Arnold. Won't do no good, Eddie, as the secret for success in that slap-happy foursome you got tangled up with is not how good a golfer but rather how good a talker you are.

Jerry Silpa's stay with us was short lived. He wisely determined to glean more knowledge over on the campus of UCLA. When you wind up over there, Jerry, we hope to have you back with us.

Tom and Carol Glass, and Dick and Virginia DeWeese happily announce the entry into this world of Veronica Lee and Marcia Lou, respectively.

Dick Anger, husband of Irene, invalided at Sawtelle, recently passed away. We'll miss Dick, as he was well loved by us all.

New additions to the department are Tom McCune, tab operator on the late shift; and Walter Maloney, of the Mail Room, is our new ditto operator. You're welcome, fellows, with no words barred.

We of the department happily await the dual renditions of those two pianists, Tom Glass and Eddie Burke — with or without long hair.

"SPARKS FROM THE ARCS"
By Lee Dunbar

WELL, fellows, I'm saluting a swell guy this month. THE Eddie Hartmann. Eddie had a short vacation and then had to report to the "Ole Man." You know, the one with the great long whiskers.

They say experience is a good teacher. Ask Tom Powell. He should know. I understand, Tom, that you were cracking down at ducks before "ole Sol" came up. How's about it, Tom?

Bud Evans says that Johnny Lavin should have "grips" at the airport. It so happens that Bud needs a two-step to sit on so that he can see out of the cockpit. Heretofore he has been making blind landings.

Danny Buck, Jr., is doing great work in his gymnasium, being coached by one of the U. C. L. A.'s instructors. He does many feats that are difficult to accomplish even with lots of training.

Congratulations are in order for two of the fellows in our department, W. L. Sullivan and Bisno. Both have an addition to their families and are proud fathers.

Eddie Petzoldt is back from his trip to Mexico, fresh and ready to start another picture. Senior Petzoldt said he really had a good time but wished his brother, Bob, could have made the trip with him.

"Horsethief" Pelmear just buzzed back into town from 'Frisco and points north. What's the matter, Bill, did the dough give out?

Charlie Edler must be carrying a rabbit's foot with him, the way his luck has been running. He has won two football pools in two weeks. Nice going, Charlie, how do you pick 'em.

Cliff Thoren and the Mrs. had a nice trip through the National Park. They also visited Cliff's ole stamping ground and had a swell time.

"Mophead" tells me that he is managing the Hollywood Bears and they have plenty of seats and tickets, so come on out and see the games. Also said he could use a good water-boy if anyone is in the mood.

Jimmy James cut his northern trip short. Maybe he saw his picture on telephone poles and in railroad stations. Could be.

Quite a number of people would like to know why Jimmy Woods is called "Bluelight." Maybe Vaughn Ashen could supply the answer.

The capable gaffer, Dave Anderson, is doing the new Technicolor picture, and, believe you me, he really has his hands full with a crew of a hundred and ten men. Gordon Nordstrom has charge of the diffusion and carbons on the big picture. Working with him are "Spindlehead" Spicer, Vaughn Ashen and Carl Cabibi.

Charlie Wise has the right idea for going duck hunting. He goes by himself and then when you see him at the Studio and he tells you he got five or ten, you can't doubt him.

The next time anyone sees Jack McEvoy, you may address him as "Coach." The "Coach" doesn't miss a football game that is played near Los Angeles.

Before closing, the Electrical Department would like to pay tribute to a fine person, R. G. Campbell, known over the Fox lot as Bob. His popularity with all who knew him was as great as any of the stars. Bob was killed a few days ago while serving his enlistment with the United States Army at Fort Ord. He will be missed by everyone that knew him. He was a good American citizen!

"LABORELATES"
By "Irish" Roche

COURAGE is that something which makes men hang on when things seem hopeless, that something which makes a man smile when he wants to frown. This applies to one of our gang, Al Englebert, whom I visited recently. For months he has been unable to see; an operation has been performed and it seems possible that sight will be partially restored again. His cheerful disposition during this ordeal should be an inspiration to all of us. He is looking forward to the day when he will be able to carry on again. During the days of his convalescence, visits from his co-workers would be appreciated by him. He is not seeking any financial assistance, but surely we are not so busy that we cannot devote a little of our time to visit one less fortunate.

Granddad of our department and most popular is Judge Leo P. Quinn. For many years he was a great political figure in Tulsa and St. Louis. Leo was a successful contractor in Los Angeles. But during the depression his honesty left him out on the limb. His only weakness is getting to work on time, but that has been cured. When the alarm clock did not work, he got a parrot. At night he sets the alarm clock and puts the parrot's cage on top of it. What that bird says when the clock goes off wakes up the whole neighborhood.

In the Bowling League it looks like Eddie DeCuir's Savages picked up where the baseball team left off. They seem to be hitting their stride and are nearing the top of the league. And I can see the handwriting on the wall for the Juicers in the Tug-o'- War at our next picnic. Phil Snyder is getting his team organized already.

Don't exaggerate what you are going to do. Just do it. The man who is always telling the world how much he is going to do, doesn't always make good his boast. Do the best you can today, it will help you to do better tomorrow.

"AS THE WHEELS TURN"
By Bennett White

IS THERE any truth in the story going around about the naming of Harold Busby's son?

Norman Stocking, "Socks, Jr." is in the Army now.

I hear from a very reliable source that Ed Edmunds would have had a nice fishing trip if he could have started his outboard motor.

Another of the boys who has joined the service is Jack Nickols. He is in the Photographic Department of the Navy.

It won't be long now for Bill Bryan. He is about to be called into the Navy.

Who is going to bring the soap box for Pat Palamountain?

In case any of the boys don't know who the sign-writer was in the Doghouse, it was Jack Cox. His able assistants should practice up on their printing. Speaking of pictures in the Doghouse, I wonder if the cartoons with Jack Hewson's name under them are put there by his fans—or by himself.

Earl Vale is back to work after six weeks rest due to a broken wrist acquired while on a skating rink. Hi neighbor!—another of the boys who's older than he feels.

Floyd Pratt is home from his vacation in New York.

Joe Rickards and family who vacationed in Missouri have returned home. The person who started the rumor that Joe had car trouble got his signals mixed, as he had no trouble either way.

We hope that the deal between the Studio and the Ford Company is not held up this year because of National Defense.

According to my favorite "Yogi," work for the coming three months looks pretty good, as several pictures are to go before the cameras soon.

Through the efforts of the Tanner Motor Livery and the boys out of our office: Johnny Wilhelm, Ed Edmunds, Ray Larios, Roland Alexander, Andy DeLeuw, Jim Surtees, Harry Peters and Jack Cox, who donated their time, several hundred orphans were transported to the Twentieth Century-Fox vs. Bank of America baseball game.

What picture was so sad that it was previewed at The Wee Kirk of the Heather?

Mystery of the month: How was it that the Garage Bowling team's picture was omitted in last month's issue of "Action?"

PAYROLL PERIODS

By A. G. Dorrity

WHAT would you think of a fellow, obviously in glowing health, starting off on an annual vacation, enjoying it just to the end of a journey and then spending the rest of it in bed recovering from a Spanish edition of the flu? Evidently Gaines Johnston, in whom the writer has a personal interest, omitted the precautions necessary to transition from sea level to Mexico City's six thousand feet elevation. Together with a minatory attitude towards his carelessness, we are all anxiety for his well-being.

Loretta Higgins, too, gave us a bad scare. Returning home at night and taking a short cut she overlooked the unexpected obstinance of a low privet hedge, and took a nasty fall. The gait of her arrival next morning convinced us of her stoicism and we are relieved to feel the bruises will soon heal. While Loretta was recovering her equilibrium another defection had loomed in our ranks in the girl who bears part of our official burdens—Grace Ewart. Grace had not been feeling well for weeks but a visit on her own time to a competent physician-osteopath quickly restored her, and ourselves, to normality.

At least one other worry has been lifted from our shoulders. The deservedly popular and humorous Ralph Hahn has recovered from the slight indisposition which, as with all of us, appeared to be a mountain until it was proved just a molehill.

Turning to lighter matters, with some ten weeks at this writing to Christmas, may we mention an electric traii with equipment originally costing in the vicinity of two hundred dollars, available to the best offer in the home of the sociable Walter McCarthy of this office. McCarthy Junior, plainly a prodigy, has outgrown an attraction that to our knowledge has kept grown men ga-ga to the end of their devoted lives Thanks, too, to Senior for a gag about the Italian Premier who in a recent speech is said to have berated Columbus for discovering a country that could cause the Axis so much trouble. In answer to such a tirade we could but venture to quote Dr. Lyman Abbott: "America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made of it a great nation."

To literary Les Dressler goes the honor of being columnist for one of the best organizations on the lot—the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation's American Legion Post, so ably represented at the recent Milwaukee convention by Member Darryl Zanuck.

It is practically impossible to remain serious around Harold H. Bow—that is how he gets so much out of a hard-worked personnel. By the way, he has a beautiful daughter of marriageable age whose official address is the Payroll office. A word to the wise is sufficient.

When more efficient secretaries are created, please let us know. Sometimes we are terrified, for newly-marrieds often disregard the law of commerce that business must come first. This is in the nature of a petition tsat Robert Bryan will not soon take Barbara from our midst.

Which naturally takes us to Paymaster Al De Weese. We have accompanied the fortunes of this Corporation for some ten years through all of its trials and tribulations with the heart that only decades of career training can supply. We have seen this paymaster, working day and night through a maze of ever-changing phases of social conditions, union agreements, artists contracts, taking each hurdle with the athletic acumen common to his physical activities, and we feel that he has made the grade.

Who does not know Cy Tanner. We give him the ancient Tyne name of Cy, for no earthly reason but that we hold him in high regard. A more likeable Hebrew scarcely breathes on the lot.

"What makes Sammy (Wittenberg) run?" Used to be chiefly his popularity. Now we have reason to suspect the "Dove" call.

Shy-eyed Shirley has been combined with Belle, the beautiful, on our staff. May we be permitted to compliment whoever is responsible for the exceptional deportment of these lovely Kvitka maidens.

Of what is it a sign when a man buys furniture? Little as we know of human nature, it is not a wild guess that Homer Hill is contemplating matrimony.

Ted Heckert, a patron of the old school, has reason to be proud of his record, a son in the service and a wife devoted as much to him as to the care of the young.

Esther Silver in the dullest corner of our establishment makes us forget it by her brightness and keen intelligence. When everyone else is stumped for an answer you will find her on her toes with the solution.

Do you know many ranconteurs? or conversationalists? The art is almost dead and yet so indispensable to our peace of mind. Meet J. (for Jack) J. Burke, who in at least eight years of association has never failed us.

Fred Barman, recent addition to our Benedict Club, though buried away in our Santa Monica Time Office, cannot hide the sparkle in his eyes from our searchlights. We know, Fred, most good things have to be "jelled" for a time and expect that you will erupt in a blaze of glory one of these days.

A wife and a baby are enough to establish an end in life for the average man but, as we said before, Don Boyd, presently one of our more dependable timekeepers, is climbing. Good luck, Don.

Edgar Hoyt French, presently one of our trouble-shooters, has already, despite his juvenility, had quite a varied experience. Page Boy to Electrical Department, back to Communications, thence a flight to Accountancy, a level landing at Payrolls for a time, and we can assure you, Edgar, all of this will stand to your credit.

"Today's world is full of painful things. How can be avoid becoming discouraged and hopeless? When tempted by despair remind yourself that to the making of the world each one of us can contribute something. This thought makes hope possible; and in this hope, though life will still be painful, it will no longer be purposeless."—(Bertrand Russell).

"FONIES FROM THE FONE ROOM"

By Cherry Nickols

OFFICER Bill Stratton (Pico Time Gate) is certainly on his toes these days. Noticing a young lady dash madly through the time office, with nary a glance at the time-card rack, he halted her down with a "Hey, Miss! Just a minute." Quite startled, the lady stopped, turned around and said, "Who, me?"

Officer Bill: "Yes, Miss, you forgot to punch your card."

Lady: "But I don't have a card. Don't you know me? I'm Nettie, the Chief Telephone Operator?"

Officer Bill: "Well, bless me, Miss Nettie!" (Peering closely into her face) "I wouldn't have known you from Judy Canova."

And you can't blame Officer Bill. Nettie had used her lunch hour to go to the beauty shop. With tin curlers all over her head—a bandana wrapped around, unsuccessfully, to hide them—and the havoc to her makeup that a shampoo can cause—we hardly knew her ourselves when she returned to the office.

You will never hear a rasping, dry voice through the lines of our switchboard. Why? Because Jimmy Ruman keeps our throats well lubricated with the generous cases of Coca-Cola he sends up to us. Thank you, Mr. Ruman. These few words can never adequately express our appreciation.

Don Ramon Larios (transportation) certainly lived up to his title, (which, by the way is the real McCoy) the other day, by helping a lady in dire distress. With the front bumper of his Fox truck, he gently but firmly nudged a stubborn 1932 Chevy—with Kay Parkinson at the wheel—out of the Motor Ave. hollow, across Pico Blvd., and into the studio. Kay had been passed up by so many other motorists, she had begun to lose hope. She will be forever grateful to Don Ramon.

Noticing the disturbing odor of something burning in our office the other evening (seemingly getting stronger by the minute) and being unable to locate its source, we called the fire department and asked them to send someone up to have a look around. Came Lee Horn and Bob Chaplin. After twenty minutes of stooping, squatting, squinting and snooping, they finally located it. 'Twas the first evening the steam heat was turned on, and the new paint job on our radiators was certainly making itself known.

Speaking of Hard-Heads — Helen Fayette (Coffee Shop) had an accident with her new car. She was thrown through the windshield head first, and came out with two or three minor scratches—AND—another new car.

At the time of this writing, Evelyn Allen is undergoing a serious major operation at the Queen of the Angels Hospital. Let's hope by the time of publication that she will be well and smiling again.

Let me call to your attention the wonderful work Commander Bolton is doing in organizing his Photographic Unit for Uncle Sam's Navy. Here are the names of some of the boys who have already been called to active duty at North Island, San Diego: Jack Nickols (Trans.), John Howard (Mimeo.), John Helmick (Script), Al Shaffer (Const.) and Harold Dan Hogan (Props.). From what I hear from Nickols, they all seem to like it down there. Good food, regular hours, a picture show every nite (optional), fine swimming pool AND cigarettes two for a quarter. Upon arrival they were given serious warning by a twenty-two-year-old Seaman Second Class of the dangers which might befall them in the wicked city of San Diego. "Beware of loan sharks," said he, "and steer clear of the wild women." Evidently he hadn't noticed the Hash Marks (previous service stripes) some of our boys are wearing.

Did'ja hear the one about the girl who had two sailor sweethearts and she —Aw! What's the use, the editor won't print it anyway.

Ask Stanley Rauh why the beautiful blue cover on our new inter-office directory makes him so supremely sappy!

"PRINTABLES"

By Sam Godfrey

THE glorious California summer has gone. The fog and rain and the lousy sailing days are behind us and winter has set in. Now we can enjoy some fine invigorating weather and leave our overcoats at home. Unusual, isn't it?

Harold Gordon can fix anything. Our ancient pickup wagon was recently decorating the highways to the extent of six quarts of oil to one trip to Balboa, but Harold fixed it. Now it runs so well we don't have to put any oil in it, except maybe a little castor oil through the spark plug holes.

Now that we are practically an Army Camp with our priority number and men in the service, we are going to introduce a requisition system in the Stationery Department in the interests of efficiency and conservation of supplies. It will mean sending a requisition signed by the Department Head to the Stationery Dept. instead of phoning in an order. We made a wager that some of our customers won't like it. They'll probably go off and trade with M-G-M. Cutthroat competition—that's how the Thrifty Drug Stores ruined the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company.

The Frontiersmen used to say that one Mountain Man was worth six Indians. Nowadays, with the frontier gone and the only remaining test of a man's mettle being Hollywood Boulevard, the saying is that, one bachelor is worth three married men. That leaves things nicely balanced in the Printing and Stationery.

Rudy Van Deeven has just about finished his boat and expects everybody to come to the launching, bringing their own champagne, plus enough for him . . . and Jack Matthews continues to be married.

Russell Taliaferro, pronounced Tolliver, has received his commission in the Army Reserve Corps, and by the time this sees the light of publication will no doubt be lounging in the officer's club of some army post, drinking mint juleps . . .?

THE BARTER COLUMN

Something to sell, trade, rent? Studio clubbers, voice your message through this column. Rates to members ten cents per line. All others five cents per word—payable in advance. Copy must be received ten days before date of issue.

TYPEYRITERS—All makes of typewriters sold and repaired. Special prices to studio employees. Free estimates for overhauling or rebuilding your typewriter. Call Bill Kaplan.

FOR RENT—Sunny front room, private home, quiet; for gentleman; $16 per month. 2018 Parnell Ave., Westwood. Phone ARizona 3-3019.

FOR SALE—1939 Blue Dodge Coupe. New tires, perfect mechanical and body condition. $550. Call Bobs Hoagland. Ext. 1262.

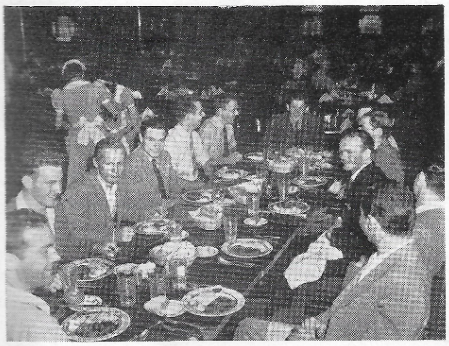
THE PERFECT SCRIPT

FADE IN—Dick meets Sylvia. CUT TO Young love in bloom. DISSOLVE TO Yuma elopement — Sylvia Friedson becomes Mrs. Richard Lane. True love triumphant. FADE OUT. TAG: Bridal luncheon as shown in scene pictured above.

Romance — reality — and a smashing finale. It happened on our own big lot. To one of our own little secretaries.

Friends of Mrs. Lane, whom you see gathered to do her honor, unanimously approved real life screenplay. No changes suggested but hope expressed that script would be shot many times in very near future with variety of heroines.

But anti-climax threatened when wedding cake proved so good that all ate theirs, instead of taking slice home to dream upon.



Bob Leach was honored at a luncheon in the Cafe de Paris just before taking off for Flight 5, 348 Squadron School, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. The boys seated around him are Edgar French, Lynn Reynolds, Frank Prehodor, Art Gotlieb, Ed Meinardus, Lloyd Allen, Eric Von Stroheim, Cathay Burrow, Walter Malone and Bob Sies.

Buck-a-Month

Battery "B" 56 C. A.
Fort Cronkhite, Calif.
October 18, 1941.

The Studio Club,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Thanks very much for the package and copy of "Action." It is not through lack of appreciation that I am a bit lax in acknowledging your most generous remembrances. Although we of the Harbor Defense, especially the 56th Coast Artillery, don't go on long maneuvers, we go on plenty of short ones, so don't find much time to write.

The boys and I certainly enjoy the cakes, candy, gum and cigarettes you are sending. It is my opinion as well as all the boys that you are one swell bunch, and are certainly doing your part for a higher morale in the Army.

I will be released by December 10, as I am over 28 years old. I will let you know when I am.

Best regards to all,

CORP. LEE R. OAKES.

October 12, 1941.

Dear Friends:

I've only been in for three weeks and here I have a package from you already.

I can't find words enough to express my gratitude. Thanks a lot.
I am stationed at Camp Callan in San Diego for at least 13 weeks. After reading in "Action" of the destination of some of the boys, I sincerely hope I can be fortunate enough to remain here. At least this winter.

Well, it's about 9 P.M. Almost time for taps, so I'd better close for now.

Yours truly,

Private N. T. STOCKING
Battery D
53rd Battalion
Camp Callan, Calif.

October 20, 1941.

Dear Studio Club:

Received your very welcome package and wish to express my many thanks, also for Studio paper which enables me to keep up with the present happenings. I sure would have liked to have been at the Picnic, as it looks like everyone had a wonderful time. Thanks a lot for your thoughtful gift.

OLIVER OGDEN,
Fire Station No. 1
Fort Ord, Calif.

WHAT WAS IT?

Many people on the lot have been wondering about the music which emanated from the Meeting Room of the Production Bungalow a while back. Perhaps the following will cast a ray of light:

Two of Fred Sersen's best Effects men, Ray Kellogg and Wally White, pictured above on either side of Fred, had just received their call to active duty with the Photographic Unit in Washington, D. C., and Mr. Koenig was honoring them with an impromptu going-away party.

After several farewell toasts, Mr. Metzler presented each of the boys with a leather traveling bag (best wishes of the Production Gang). Commander Bolton, representing the Stars and Stripes, and calling himself the "heavy" of the affair, expressed the sentiments of the entire gathering with these words: "The Studio's loss of these two men is the Navy's gain." The music took up from there.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The Studio Club is again handling the sale of Christmas Cards for the Motion Picture Relief Fund on this lot. Posters and samples of their very attractive cards are now on our Bulletin Boards.

I cannot begin to tell you how helpful and co-operative the Motion Picture Relief Fund has been in our Studio Club welfare work, and I personally ask that you consider these cards before you purchase your supply this year.

Please place your orders with the Studio Club Office, Room 10, Old Admin. Bldg. Ext. 1108-1109.

Prices are as follows: 10c per card; $5.00 for 50; $10.00 for 100. Plus $1.00 per order for imprinting name. No charge for imprint of name on orders of 100 or more.

V. C. CHRISTENSEN,
President Studio Club

SAFETY NEWS

By Jimmie Dinneen

AT our last meeting of the Safety Society it was reported that a month had passed without a single accident on the lot, which goes to prove that we can stop accidents.

In 1940 our Company took Second Place in Safety Prevention and our American Legion Post received honorable mention for the type of work they were doing in Los Angeles.

In carrying on this type of campaign we are contributing greatly to National Defense.

Last month President Roosevelt stated in a Proclamation on Safety:

"The nation is confronted with a rapidly rising accident toll. At the present rate, the total number of deaths from accidents this year will exceed 100,000. Traffic accidents alone caused 34,500 deaths in 1940, and thus far in the present year there has been an increase of seventeen per cent in traffic fatalities."

We are very grateful to those who have given us their support in the past. We sincerely hope that we can continue the year at Twentieth Century-Fox with the same high percentage.

WORK, WALK,
DRIVE CAREFULLY!

That is practicing safety.

P. S. To insure your Compensation Insurance go to the hospital immediately for first aid for all cuts and bruises.

Bruce Mitchell, who used to be on the lot in the Tabulating Dept., celebrated his coming of age Sunday, Sept. 28th. Among the guests at his birthday party were: Jean Mitchell (his mother), Mrs. Frank Mitchell (his step-mother), Mrs. Adella Mitchell (his grandmother), and of course Mrs. Bruce Mitchell (his wife). Reports were that the four Mrs. Mitchells got along beautifully.

HE INTENDED TO

By
Will S. Hepburn

'Twas worth while,
He well knew.
He would profit,
If he would do;
And he intended to.

He put it off
From day to day.
Tho well he knew
It did not pay;
But he intended to.

So he was taken
On his last ride.
His will to do
With him had died,
Before he tried to do
What he intended to.

All Studio Employees

are expected to attend

A MASS MEETING

at Noon, November 3

SEE YOUR DEPARTMENT HEAD FOR PLACE

Twentieth Century-Fox Studio Club

SECOND ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN HARDTIMES PARTY

TIME . . . . . .SATURDAY NIGHT, NOV. 1, 1941

PLACE . . . . . .GRIP & CANVAS BUILDING (On the Lot)

DANCING . . . .FROM 9:00 P. M. TO 1:00 A. M.

DRINKS . . . . .FREE REFRESHMENTS

DRESS . . . . . .OLD CLOTHES PREFERRED

ELIGIBILITY . .EACH REGULAR EMPLOYEE MAY BRING 1 GUEST

TICKETS . . . .50c PER PERSON AT YOUR DEPARTMENT

PRIZES . . . . .FOR THE LUCKY NUMBER HOLDERS

FUN . . . . . .YOU CAN'T MISS AT THIS PARTY!!

PLAN NOW TO ATTEND THIS BEST PARTY OF THE YEAR